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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Play of the Weather

By JOHN HEYWOOD

Date of Earliest Known Edition, 1533
Date of this hitherto Unknown Edition, 1565 [?]
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

The Play of the Weather

PR
1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 44]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Play of the Weather

By JOHN HEYWOOD

AN UNRECORDED EDITION (1906)

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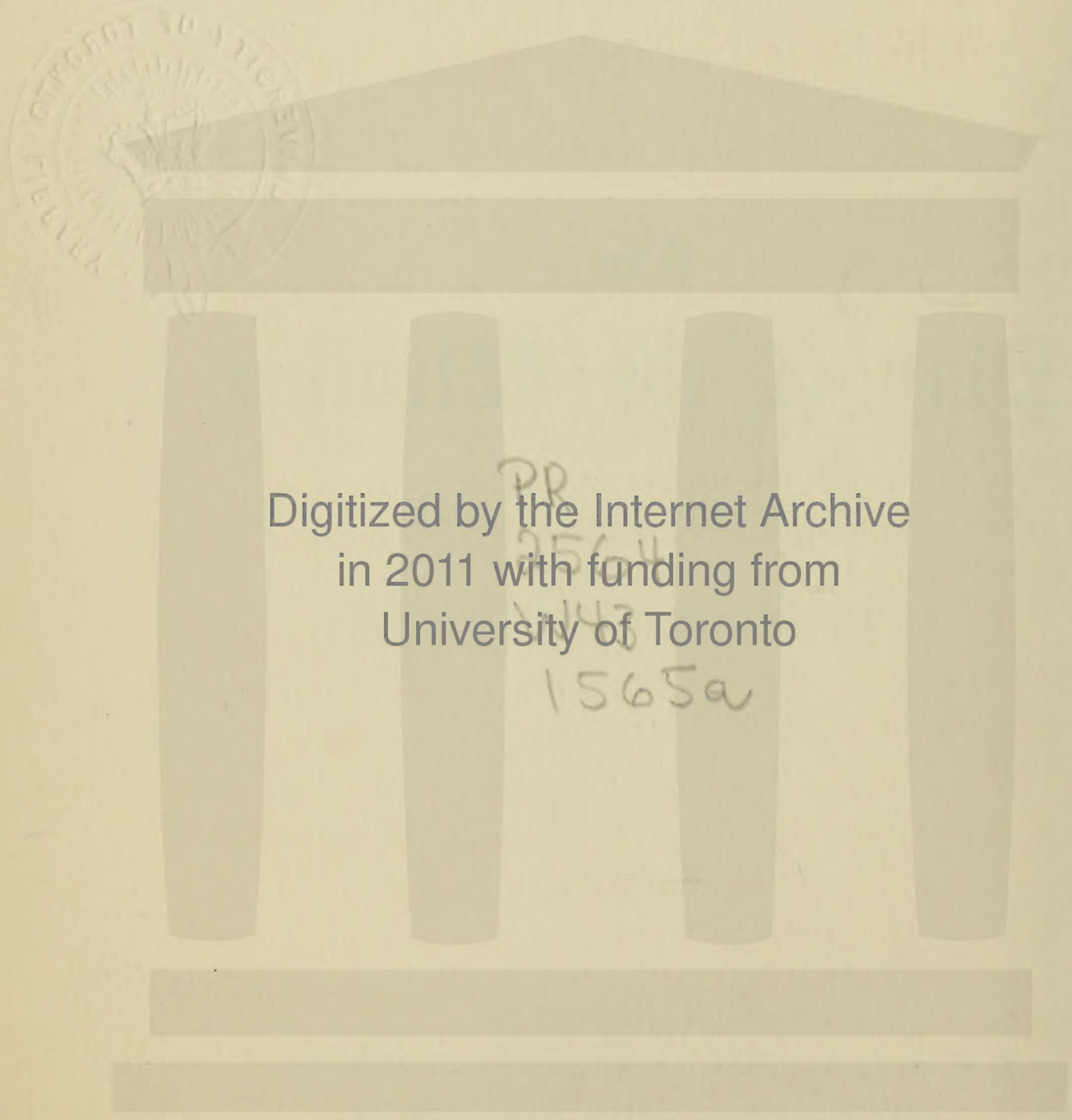

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The Play of the Weather

By JOHN HEYWOOD

This unrecorded edition formed part of "the Irish find" of 1906 ; *when brought to auction it was secured for the nation at a cost of* £190 (*see Tudor Facsimile Texts—"King Darius," "Lusty Juventus," "Nice Wanton," "Wealth and Health," "John Evangelist," "Impatient Poverty," &c.*). *The British Museum press-mark is C.* 34, *i.* 23.

The edition printed by Rastell in 1533 *will be issued in facsimile at a later date.*

Mr. J. A. Herbert (*Manuscript Department, British Museum*) *reports that, comparing this facsimile with the original, some portions are "slightly too heavily printed," otherwise "the photos are quite excellent. . . . It is not easy to strike the golden mean between being too faint and too heavy, so I . . . only call attention to the fault where it has gone so far as to blur letters . . . otherwise, as I have said, the reproduction is admirable." These blurred letters occur on Sigg. B. ii., C. i., ii., D. iv.,* verso, *and E. iii., but in no case are they unreadable. The hole-marks on C. iv.,* recto *and* verso, *top of pages, show the state of the original perfectly.*

It may not be out of place to record here the fact that,

at length, the materials for an intelligent biography of John Heywood are gradually being collected. Much has already been accomplished—new facts brought to light, fresh dates fixed, and others verified, with new sources of research opened up and suggested. I hope in the course of the present year to publish a volume dealing, to some purpose, with the life, times, and writings of "the father of English comedy and tragedy."

JOHN S. FARMER.

¶ The playe of the weather.

¶ A newe and a very merye enterlude of all maner wethers made by Iyon Heywoode.

(.˙.)

¶ The players names

Jupiter a God.
Mery repoꝛt the byce.
The Gentleman.
The Marchante.
The Ranger.
The Water Miller.
The Winde Miller.
The Gentlewoman.
The Launder.
A boye the leste that can playe.

RIght farre to long as nowe were to recyte
That auncíẽt eſtate wherin our ſelfe haue rayned
:: :: :: what honour, what laude geuen vs of very ryght
what glory we haue had duely vnkayned
Of eche creatour which dewty hath conſtrayned
For aboue all goddes ſynce our fathers fall
we Jupiter were euer principall.

If we ſo haue bene as truth it is in dede
Beyond the compaſſe of all comparyſon
whoe could preſume to ſhewe for any mede
So that it myght appeare to humayne reaſon
The hye renowme we ſtand in at this ſeaſon
For ſynce that heauen and earth were firſt create
Stode we neuer in ſuch tryumphant eſtate.

As we nowe do wherof we wyll report
Such part as we ſee mete for tyme preſent
Chiefly e concerning your perpetuall comforte
As the thing it ſelfe ſhall proue in experyment
Which highly ſhall binde you on knees lowly bent
Holy to honour our hyghnes day by day
And nowe to the matter, geue eare and we ſhall ſaye.

Before our preſence in our hye parlyament
Both goddes and goddeſſes of all degrees
Hath late aſſembled by commen aſſent
For the redreſſe of certayne enormytyes
Bred among them thorowe extremytyes
Abuſed in eche to other of them all
Namely to purpoſe in theſe moſte ſpeciall.

Our forsayde father Saturne and Phebus
Eolus and Phebe these foure by name
Whose natures not onely are so farre contrarious
But also of malyce eche other to defame
Haue long tyme abused ryght far out of frame
The dewe course of all their constellations
To the great damage of all earthly nations.

Which was debated in place sayde before
And first as became our father most auncient
With berde whyte as snowe his locks both cold and hote
Hath entred such matters as serued his intent
Laudyng his frosty mansyon in the firmament
To ayre and earth as thyngs most precious
Pourgyng all humours that are contagious.

Howe be it he alledgeth that of long tyme paste
Litle hath preuayled his great dyligence
Full oft vppon earth his fayre frost he hath cast
All things hurtfull to banysshe out of presence
But Phebus entendynge to kepe him in silence
When he hath laboured all nyght in his powres
His glaryng beames marreth all in two howres.

Phebus to this made no maner aunswer
Wherupon they both then Phebe defyed
Eche in his parte leyd in her reprouyng
That by her showres superfluous they haue tryed
In all that she may their poures be denyed
Wherunto Phebe made aunswere no more
Then Phebus to Saturne had made before.

Anone vpon Eolus all these dyd flye

Complayn

Complaynyng their causes eche one a rowe
And sayde to compare none was so cruyl as he
For when he is disposed his blastes to blowe
He suffreth neither sunne shyne rayne nor snowe
Then eche agaynst other and he agaynst all thre
Thus can these foure in no maner agre.

Which sene in them selues and farther considerynge
The same to redresse was cause of theire assemble
And also that we euermore beinge
Beyde our puysant power of diet
Of wisdome and nature so noble and fre
From all extremitys the meane deuidyng
To peace and plentye eche thing attemperyng.

They haue in conclusion wholy sundred
Into our hands as muche concerning
All maner wethers by them engendred
The full of their powers from terme euerlasting
To set such order as standeth with our pleasyng
which thing as of our parte no parte required
But of all theire partes ryght humbly desyred

To take vpon vs wherto we dyd assente
And so in all things with one voyce agreable
we haue clerely finished our forsayde parleament
To your great wealth which shall be fyrme and stable
And to our honour farre inestimable
For syns their powers as ours addyd to our owne
who can we saye knowes vs as we should be knowen.

But nowe for fyne the rest of our entent
Wherfore as nowe we hyther are descended

Is only to satisfye and content
All maner people which haue ben offended
By any weather mete to be amended
Upon whose complaynts declaryng their griefe
We shall shape remedy for their reliefe.

As to geue knowledge for their hither resorte
We would this afore proclaymed to be
To all our people by some one of thys sorte
Whome we lyst to chuse here amongest all ye
Wherfore eche man auaunce and we shall se
Which of you is most mete to be our cryer.

¶ Here entreth Mery reporte.

¶ Mery reporte.

Brother hold vp your torche a little hyer
Nowe I beseche you my lord looke on me first
I truste your lordshyp shall not fynde me the wurst

¶ Jupiter.

why what art thou that approchest so nye.

¶ Mery reporte.

Forsoth and please your lordshipp it is J.

¶ Jupiter.

All that we knowe very well, but what J.

¶ Mery reporte.

What J. some saye J am J perse J.
But what maner J soeuer be J.
J assure your good lordshypp J am J.

¶ Jupiter.

What maner man art thou shewe quickelye.

¶ Mery reporte,

By god a poore gentleman dwelleth hereby.

¶ Jupiter.

A gentleman thy selfe bryngeth witnes naye.

Both in thy lyght behauiour and aray
But what art thou called where thou doste reſorte

¶ Mery reporte.

Forſoth my lord mayſter Mery reporte.

¶ Jupiter.

Thou art no mete man in our buſynes
For thyne apparance is of much lyghtnes

¶ Mery reporte.

Why cannot your lordſhypp lyke my order,
My apparell nor my name nother.

¶ Jupiter.

To none of all we haue deuocion:

¶ Mery reporte.

A proper lykelyhode of proporcion
Well than as wiſe as ye ſeme to be
Yet can ye ſe no wildome in me
But ſynce ye diſprayſe me for ſo lyght an elſe
I praye you geue me leaue to prayſe my ſelfe
And for the fyrſt part I wyll begynne
In my behauiour at my commyng in
Wherin I thinke I haue litle offended
For ſure my curteſy could not be amended
And as for my ſute your ſeruaunt to bee
Myght yll haue ben myſte for your honeſtye
For as I be ſaued if I ſhall not lye
I ſawe no man ſewe for the office but I
Wherfore if ye take me not or I go
Ye muſt anone whether ye wyll or no
And ſince your intente is but for the weathers
What ſkyles our apparell to be fryſe or fethers
I thinke it wildome ſynce no man forbad it
With this to ſpare a better if I had it
And for my name reporting alwaye trewly

what

What hurt to repoꝛte a ſad matter merely
As by occaſion foꝛ the ſame entent
To a certayne wydowe thys daye was I ſent
whoſe huſbande departed without witting
A ſpeciall good louer and ſhe his owne ſwettyng
To whome at my commyng I caſt ſuch a figure
Myngling the matter accoꝛdyng to my nature
That when we departed aboue all other thynges
Shẽ thanketh me hartely foꝛ my mery tydynges
And if I had not handled it merely
Perchaunce ſhe myght haue taken it heauely
But in ſuch facion I counſured and bounde her
That I left her meryer then I founde her
what man may compare to ſhewe the lyke comfoꝛte
That dayly is ſhewed by me Mery repoꝛte
And foꝛ your purpoſe at thys tyme ment
Foꝛ all weathers I am ſo indifferent
Sunne lyght, mone light ſter light, twy light, foꝛch, light,
Cold, hete, moyſt dꝛy haile raine froſt ſnow lightnig thũder
Cloudy, miſty, wyndy, fryze, fowle aboue head oꝛ vnder
Temperate oꝛ diſtemperate what euer it be
I pꝛomiſe your loꝛdſhyp all is one to me

Jupiter.

Well ſonne conſiderynge thine indifferency
And partely the reſt of thy declaracion
We make thee our ſeruaunt, and immediatly
We wyll thou departe and cauſe pꝛoclamacion
Publiſhing our pleaſure to euery natiõ
Which thing once done with all dylygence
Make thy returne agayne to thys pꝛeſence.

Here to receyue al ſtewters of eche degree

And

And such as maye seme to thee most metely
we wyll thou bryng them before our maiestye
And for the rest that be not so worthy
Make thou reporte to vs effectually
So that we maye here eche maner sute at large
Thus se thou departe and looke vpon thy charge

¶ Wery reporte.

Nowe good my lord god, our lady be with ye
Frendes a felowshyp let me go by ye
Thynke ye I may stand thrustyng among you there
Nay by god I must thrust about other gere.

¶ Wery reporte goeth out.

¶ At the end of the stase the god hath a songe played in his trone or Wery reporte come in.

¶ Jupiter.

Now synce we haue thus farre set forth our purpose
A whyle we wyll withdrawe our godly presence
To enbold all such more playnly to dysclose
As here wyll attend in our forsayde pretence
And nowe according to your obedience
Reioyce ye in vs with ioy most ioyfully
And we our selfe shall ioy in our owne glory

¶ Wery reporte commeth in.

¶ Wery reporte.

Nowe sys take hede for here commeth gods seruaunte
Auaunt carterly keytyfes auaunte
why ye dronken horesons wyll it not be
By your fayth haue ye nother cap nor knee
Not one of you that wyll make curtesy
To me that am squyre for gods precious body
Regarde ye nothyng myne authoritye
No welcome home, nor where haue ye be
How be it if ye axed I could not well tell,

But sure I thincke a thousand myle from hell.
And on my faith I thinke on my conscience,
I haue bene from heauen, as farre as heauen is hence.
At Louin, at Londen, and at Lumbardy,
at Baldocke, at Barfold, and at Barbary.
At Canterbury, at Couentrye, and at Colchester
at Wandsworth, at Welbecke, and at Westchester.
At fulham, at Faleborne, and at Fenlowe,
at Wallingforth, at Wakefelde, and at Waltamstow.
At Tawton, at Typtre, and at Totnam,
at Glouceter, at Gylford, and at Gotham.
At Harford, at Harwyche, at Harrow on the hyl,
at Sutbery, at Southhampton, and at Shooters hyl.
At Wallingham, at Witham, and at Warwicke,
at Boston, at Bistow, and at Barwicke.
At Graueling, at Grauesend, and at Glastenbery
Ynge Gingiang Iabierd the parish of Butlbery.
The deuil himselfe without more leasure,
Could not haue gone halfe so much I am sure.
But now I haue warned them let them euen choose,
For in fayth I care not who wyn or loose.

Here the Gentleman before he commeth in blowethe his horne.

Wery reporte.

Now by my trouth this was a good hearing,
I went it had bene the Gentlewomans blowyng.
But it is not so as I now suppose,
For womens hornes sound more in a mans nose.

Gentleman.

Stand ye mery my friendes euery chone.

Wery report.

Say that to me, and let the rest alone.
Syr ye be welcome and all your mony.

Gentle

¶ Gentleman.

Now in good sooth my friend Godamercy.
And sythe that I meete thee here thus by chaunce,
I shal require thee of further acquayntaunce.
And briefely to shew thee this is the matter:
I come to sue to the great God Jupiter,
For helpe of thinges concerning my recreation,
According to his late proclamation.

¶ Mery reporte.

Mary and I am he that this must speede.
But first tel me what ye be in deede.

¶ Gentleman.

Forsooth good friend I am a Gentleman.

¶ Mery report.

A goodly occupation by saynt Anne.
On my fayth your mayship hath a mery lyfe.
But who maketh al these hornes, your self or your wife
Nay euen in earnest I aske you this question.

¶ Gentleman.

Now by my trouth thou art a mery one.

¶ Mery report.

In fayth of vs both I thinke neuer a one sad,
For I am not so mery, but you seme as mad.
But stand ye still and take a litle payne.
I wyl come to you by and by agayne.
Now gracious God, if your wyl so be,
I pray ye let me speake a woord with ye.

¶ Jupiter.

My sonne say on, let vs heare thy mynde.

¶ Mery report.

My Lord there standeth a suter euen here behinde,
A gentleman in yonder corner,
And as I thinke his name is maister horner.

A hunter he is, and commeth to make you sporte,
He would hunt a sow or twayne out of this sort.
There he poynteth to the woman.
Jupiter.
What so euer hys mynde be let him appeare.
Mery report.
Now good maister horner I pray you come neare,
Gentleman.
I am no horner knaue, I wyll thou know it.
Mery report.
I thought ye had, for when ye dyd blow it,
Heard I neuer hoorson make horne so go,
As leefe ye kyst myne ars, as blow my hole so.
Come on your way before the God Jupiter,
And there for your selfe ye shall be suter.
Gentleman.
Most mighty Prince, and God of euery nacion,
Pleaseth your highnes to vouchsafe the hearing,
Of me, which according to your proclamacion,
Doth make appearaunce in way of beseching.
Not sole for my selfe, but generally,
For all that come of noble and auncient stocke.
Which sorte about al doth most thankfully,
Dayly take payne for wealth of the common stocke,
Wyth diligent study alway deuising,
To keepe them in order and vnitie,
In peace to labour the increase of their liuing,
Whereby eche may prosper in plentie.
Wherfore good God this is our whole desyring,
That for ease of our paynes at times vacaunt,
In our recreation chiefly ye is hunting,
It may please you to send vs weather pleasaunt,
Dry and not misty, the wynde calme and styll,

That

That after our houndes louting so merely.
Chasyng the Deare ouer dale and hyll,
In hearing we may follow and comfort the cry.

Iupiter.

Ryght well we do perceiue your whole request,
Whych shall not fayle to rest in memorye,
Wherfore we wyll ye set your selfe at rest,
Tyl we haue heard eche man indifferentlye,
And we shal take such order vniuersally,
As best may stand to our honour infinite,
For wealth in cõmon, & ech mans singular profyte.

Gentleman.

In heauen and earth honoured be the name
Of Iupyter, whom of his godly goodnes,
Hath set this matter in so goodly frame,
That euery wight shal haue his desire doutles.
And first for vs nobles and gentlemen,
I doubt not in his wysdome to prouide,
Such weather, as in our hunting now and then,
We may both teyle and recreate on euery syde.
Which thing once had for our sayd recreation,
Shal greatly preuaile you in preferring our helth
For what thing more needeful then our preseruation
Being the weale and heades of al common welth

Mery reporte.

Now I beseech your mashyp whole head be you-

Gentleman

Whole head am I-thy hed, what saiest thou now

Mery reporte.

Nay, I thincke it very true so God me helpe,
For I haue euer bene of a litle whelpe,
So ful of fantyes, and in so many fyts,
So many small reasons, and so many wyts,

That euen as I stand I pray God I be dead,
If euer I thought them al meete for my head.
But sythe I haue one head more then I knewe,
Blame not my reioysyng, I loue al thinges newe.
And sure it is a treasure of heads to haue store.
One feate can I now, that I neuer could before.

Gentleman.

What is that?

Mery report:

By God synce ye came hyther,
I can set my head and my tayle together.
This head shal saue mony by saynt Mary.
From hence forth I wyll haue no Potecary
For at al times when such thinges shal mister,
My new head shall geue myne old head a glister.
And after al this then shal my head wayte,
Upon my tayle, and there stand at receyte.
Syr for the rest I wyl not now moue you,
But if we liue, ye shal smel how I loue you.
And sir touching your sute here depart when it please you
For be ye sure as sone as I can I wyl ease you.

Gentleman.

Then geue me thy hande that promise I take.
And if for my sake any sute thou doest make,
I promyse thy paine to be requited,
More largely then now shall be recited.

Mery report.

Alas my necke, Gods pity where is my head,
By saynt Jue I feare me I shall be dead.
And if it were, me thinke it were no wonder,
Sythe my head and my body is so farre a sunder.
Maister parson welcome by my lyfe.
I pray you how doth my mayster your wyfe?

Marchaunt.

Here entreth the Marchaunt.

Marchaunt.

Sir for the prefthod and wyfe that ye alledge
I fe ye fpeake more of dotage then knowledge
But let paffe fyr I wouldе to you be a futer
To bryng me if ye can before Jupiter

Mery reporte.

Yes mary can I, and wyll do it in dede
Tary and I fhall make waye for your fpede
In fayth good lorde if it pleafe your gracious godfhyp
I muft haue a word or twayne with your lordfhype
Syr yonder is another man in place.
Whoe maketh greate fute to fpeake with your grace
Your pleafure once knowen he commeth by and by.

Jupiter.

Bring hym before our preſence ſoone hardly

Mery reporte.

Why where be you fhall I not fynde ye,
Come away I pray God the deuil blinde ye.

Marchaunt

Moſt mighty prince and Lord of Lordes all,
Right humbly befeecheth your maieſtye,
Your marchaunt men thorow the world all,
That it may pleaſe you of your benignitie
In the dayly daunger of our goods and lyfe
Firſt to conſider the deſerte of our requeſt,
What wealth we bring, the reſt to our great care & ſtrife
And then to reward vs as you ſhal thinke beſt.
What were the ſurpluſage of eche commoditie
Which groweth and increaſeth in euery land:
Except exchaunge by ſuch men as we be,
By way of entercours that lyeth in our hand.
We fraught from home thinges wherof there is plenty,
And home we bring ſuch thynges as there be ſcant

Who

Who should afore vs marchauntes accomted be:
For were not we, the world should wish and want,
In many thinges, which now shal lacke rehearsal.
And briefly to conclude we beseche your highnes,
That of the benefyt proclaimed in general,
We may be partakers for common encrease,
Stablishyng weather thus pleasyng your grace,
Stormy nor misty, the windes measurable,
That safely we may passe from place to place,
Bearing our sayles for speede most valeable.
And also the wynde to chaunge and to turne,
East, west, North and South, as best may be set,
In any one place not to long to soiourne,
For the length of our viage may leese our market.

¶ Jupiter.

Right wel haue ye sayd, and we accept it so,
And so shall we reward you when we go hence,
But ye must take pacience tyl we haue heard mo,
That we may indifferently geue sentence,
There may passe by vs no spot of negligence,
But iustly to iudge eche thing so vpright,
That eche mans part may shine in the selfe right.

¶ Mery reporte.

Now syr by your fayth if it should be sworne,
Heard ye euer God speake so synce ye were borne:
So wisely, so gently vys wordes be showed.

¶ Marchaunt.

I thanke his grace, my sute is wel bestowed.

¶ Mery reporte,

Syr what viage entende ye next to go to:

¶ Marchaunt.

I trust ere mydlent to be at Sio.

¶ Mery reporte.

Ha ha is it your mynd to sayle at Syo
Nay then when ye wyll by⁊ lady ye may go
And let me alone with this be of good chere
Ye muste truste me at Syo as well as here
For though ye were fro me a thousand myle space
I would do as muche as ye were here in place
For since that from hence it is so farre thyther
I care not though ye neuer came agayne hyther

¶ Marchaunt.

Syr if ye remember me when tyme shall come
Though I rebuyte not all I shall deserue some

¶ Great Marchaunt.

¶ Mery repo⁊t.

Now fare ye well and god thanke you by saint Anne
I pray you marke the facion of thys honest man
He putteth me in mo⁊e truste at his metyng here
Then he shall fynde cause why thys twentye yere

¶ Here entreth the ranger,

¶ Ranger.

God be here, now Christ kepe thys company

¶ Mery repo⁊t.

In fayth ye be welcome euen very scantly
Syr⁊ for your commyng what is the matter.

¶ Ranger.

I would fayne speake with the god Jupiter

¶ Mery repo⁊t.

That wyll not be but ye may do thys
Tell me your mynde I am an officer of hys

¶ Ranger.

Be ye so, mary I crye you mercy
Your maisterhyp may say I am homely
But syns your mynd is to haue repo⁊ted
The cause wherfo⁊e I am now re⁊o⁊ted

Pleaseth your mayster shippe so to do
I come for my selfe and such other mo
Rangers and kepers of certayne places
As forestes, parckes, purlewes, and chaces,
Where we be charged with all maner game
Smale is our prophet and great is our blame
Alas for our wages what be we the nere
What is forty shyllyngs or fyue marke a yere
Many tymes and oft when we be flittyng
We spend forty pence a pece at a sittyng
Now for our vauntage which chefely is windfall
That is ryght naught there bloweth no wind at all
Which is the thing wherein we finde most griefe
And cause of my comming to sue for reliefe
That the god of pitye all this thing knowinge
May send vs good rage of blustryng and blowing
And if we cannot get god to do some good
I would hyre the Diuyll to runne thorowe the woods
The rootes to turne vp, the toppes to bryng vnder
A mischiefe vpon them and a wild thunder

¶ Wery reporte.

Very well sayde I set by your charitye
As much in a maner as by your honestye
I shall set you somwhat in ease a none
Ye shall put on your cap when I am gone
For I se well ye care not who win or lese
So ye may find meanes to winne your fees

¶ Ranger.

Syr as in that ye speake as it please ye
But let me speake with the god if it maye be
I praye you let me passe ye.

¶ Wery reporte.

why nay syr by the masse ye

¶ Ranger.

Then wyll I leaue you euen as I found you

¶ Wery repoꝛt.

Go when ye wyll no man here hath bound you

Here entreth the Water myller, and the Ranger goeth out.

¶ Water myller.

What the diuyl should skyl though all the woꝛld were
Dings in all our speakyng we neuer be hard (dum
We crye out foꝛ rayne the deuil spede dꝛop wyll come
We water myllers be nothyng in regarde
No water haue we to grind at any stynt
Which kepeth our mylldams as dꝛye as a flynt
We are vndone we grynd nothyng at all
The greater is the pitye as thinketh me
Foꝛ what auayleth to eche man his coꝛne
Till it be ground by such men as we be
Theres is the losse if we be foꝛborne
Foꝛ touching our selues we are but dꝛudges
And very beggers saue onely our tole
Which is ryght small, at it many grudges
Foꝛ gricke of a bushel to geue a quart bowle
Yet were not reperations we myght do wele
Our mylstone our whele with her cogges & our tryndel
Our fludgate our mylpole our water whele
Our hopper our extre our yꝛon spyndel
In this and much moꝛe so greate is our charge
That we would not recke though no water were
Saue onely it toucheth eche man so large
And eche foꝛ our neighbour Chꝛiste byddeth bꝫ care

Wherfore my conscience hath pricked me hether
In thys to shew accordyng to the cry
For plenty of rayne to the god Jupiter
To whose presence I wyll go euen bodely

¶ Mery reporte.

Syr I doubt nothyng your audacitie
But I feare me you lacke capacitie
For if ye were wyse ye myght well espye
How rudelyye erre from rules of curtesye
what ye come in reuelyng and reheyting
Euen as a knaue myght go to a beare baiting

¶ Water myller.

All you beare recorde what fauour I haue
Harke how kamelyarly he calleth me knaue
Doubtles the gentleman is vniuersal
But marke this lesson you should neuer call
Your felow knaue nor your brother horson
For nought can ye get by it when ye haue done

¶ Mery report.

Thou art nother brother nor felowe to me
For I am gods seruaunt mayst thou not se
would ye presume to speake with the greake god
May discrecion and you be to far od
Syr lady these knaues shall be tyde shorter
Syr, who let you in, spake you with the porter.

¶ Water myller.

May by my trouth nor with none other man
Yet I sawe you well when I first began
How be it so helpe me god and holydam
I tooke you for a knaue as I am
But mary now synce I know what ye be
I must and wyll obey your authoritye
And if I may not speake with Jupiter

I beseche

I beseche you be my solliciter

¶ Very report.

As in that I will be your well willer
I perceiue you be a water miller
And your whole desire as I take the matter
Is plenty of raine for encrease of water
The let wherof ye affirme determinately
Is onely the winde your mortall enemie

¶ Water miller.

Troth it is for it bloweth so a loft
we neuer haue raine or at the most not oft
wherof I praye you put the god in minde
Clerely for euer to banishe the windo

¶ Here entreth the Wind miller

Ho, is all the weather gone or I come
For the passion of god helpe me to some
I am a wind miller as many mo be
No wretch in wretchednes so wretched as we
The whole sort of my craft be all mard at once
The wind is so weake it stirreth not our stones
Nor scantly can shatter the shitten saile
That hangeth shattering at a womans taile
The raine neuer resteth so long be the showres
From tyme to beginnyng til foure and twenty howres
And end when it shall at nyght or at none
An other beginneth as soone as that is done
Such reuell of raine ye knowe well inough
Destroyeth winde be it neuer so rough
wherby since our milles be come to still standyng
Now may we wind millers go euen to hangyng
A miller with a mozen and a mischyfe
Who would be a myller, as good be a theefe

Yet in tyme past when gryndyng was plentye
Who were so lyke good felowes as we
As fast as god made corne we mylleres made meale
which might not be forborne for common weale
But let this gere passe I feare our pryde
Is cause of the care which god doth vs prouyde,
Wherfore I submitte me entendyng to see
What comfort may come by humilitye
And now at this time they sayde in the crye
The god is come downe to shape remedye.

¶ Mery report.

No doubt he is here euen in yonder trone
But in your matter he trusteth me alone
Wherin I do perceiue by your complaynt
Oppression of rayne doth make the wynde so faynte
That the windmylleres be cleane cast a waye

¶ Wind miller.

If Jupiter helpe not it is as you saye
But in fewe wordes to tell you my mynd rounde
Upon thys condition I would be bounde
Day by day to say our ladyes saulter
That in this worlde were no drop of water
For neuer rayne but wynde continuall
Then shoulde we windmillers be lord ouer all

¶ Mery report.

Come on and assaye how you twayne can agree
I brother of yours a myller as ye be

¶ Water miller.

By meane of our crafte we may be brothers
But whiles we lyue we shall neuer be louers
We be of one crafte but not of one kynde
I lyue by water and he by the wynde

¶ Here Mery report goeth out

And lyf

And syr as ye desyre winde continuall
So would I haue rayne euermore to fall
Which two in experience ryght w[illegible]
Right selde or neuer together ca[illegible]
For as long as the winde ruleth it is playne
Twenty to one ye get no drop of rayne
And when the element is to farre oppressed
Downe commeth the rayne and setteth the wind at rest
By thys ye se we cannot both obtayne
For ye must lacke winde or I must lacke rayne
Wherfore I thinke good before thys audience
Eche for our selfe to saye or we go hence
And whome is thought weakest when we haue finished
Leaue of his sute and content to be banished

¶ Wynd myller.

In fayth agreede and then by your lycence
Our mylles for a tyme shall stand in suspence
Sins water and wynde is chiefe ye our sute
Which best may be spared we wyll first dispute
Wherfore to the sea my reason shall resorte
Where shippes by meane of wynde try from port to port
From land to land in distaunce many a myle
Great is the passage and smale is the whyle
So great is the profyt as to me doth seme
That no mans wisdome the wealth can esteme
And sins the wynd is conueier of all
Who but the winde shoulde haue thanke aboue all

¶ Water miller.

I mytte in thys place a tree here to growe
And therat the wynde in greate rage to blowe
When it hath all blowen thys is a cleare case
The tree remoueth no here bredth from hys place
No more woulde the shyppes blowe the best it coulde

Although

Although it would blow downe both man and shrow
Except the ship ... vpon the water
The winde can ... ought do a plaine matter
Yet maye ye on wat... without any winde
Row foorth your vessel where men will haue her sinde
Nothyng more reioyseth the mariner
Then meane coules of winde and plentye of water
For commonly the cause of euery wracke
Is excesse of winde where water doth lacke
In rage of these stormes the perill is such
That better were no winde then so far to much

¶ Wind miller.

Well if my reason in this may not stande
I will forsake the sea and leape to lande
In euery church where gods seruice is
The orgains beare brunt of halfe the quire iwis
Which rauieth the sound of water or winde
Moreouer for wind this thyng I fynde
For the most part all maner mynstrelsy
By wynd they delyuer their sound chiefly
Fyll me a bagpipe of your water full
As sweetely shall it sound as it wer stuffen with wooll

¶ Water myller.

On my faith I thinke the moone be at the full,
For frantick fansies be most plentiful,
Which are at the pyde of their spring in your hed,
So farre from our matter he is now fled,
As for the wynde in any instrument,
It is no parcel of our argument.
We speake of wynd that commeth naturally,
And that is wynde forced artificially,
Which is not to purpose, but if it were,
And water in deede right nought could do there.

Yet

Yet I thinke organs no such comodityes
Wherby the water should banished be
And for your bagpips I take them as myles
Your matter is al in fancies and trifles

¶ Wynd myller.

By god but ye shall not trifle me of so
If these things serue not I wyll reherse mo
And now to mind there is one olde prouerbe come
One bushell of marche dust is worth a kyngs raunsome
what is a hundred thousand bushels worth than

¶ Water miller.

Not one myte for the thyng it selfe to no man

¶ Wind miller.

Why shall wynd euery where thus be obiecte
Nay in the hye wayes it shall take effect
where as the rayne doth neuer good but hurt
For wind maketh but dust and water maketh durt
Powder or syrop lyes which lycke ye best
Who licketh not the tone may licke vp the rest
But sure who soeuer hath assayed such sippes
Had leuer haue dusty eyes then durty lyppes
And it is sayne sins afore we were borne
That drought doth neuer make derth of corne
And well it is knowen to the most foole here
How rayne hath priced corne within this seuen yeare.

¶ Water miller.

Syr I pray thee spare me a litle season
And I shall brefely conclude thee with reason
Put case one sommers day without winde to be
And ragious wind in winter dayes two or thre
Much more shall drye that one calme daye in sommer
Then shall those thre windy daies in winter
Whome shall we thanke for this when all is done?

The thanke to wynde may thanke chiefly the sunne:
And so for drought if corne therby encrease,
The sunne doth comfort and ripe al doutles:
And oft the wynde so layeth the corne God wot,
That neuer after can it rype but rot.
If drought tooke place as ye say, yet may ye see,
Litle helpeth the wynde in thys commoditie.
But now syr I denye your principle,
If drought euer were, it were impossible
To haue any grayne, for it cannot grow,
Ye must plow your land, harrow and sow.
Which wyl not be, except ye may haue rayne,
To temper the ground. And after agayne,
For springing and plumming al maner of corne,
Yet must ye haue water, or al is forlorne.
If ye take water for no commodity,
Yet must ye take it for thinges of necessity,
For washing, for scouring, and al fylth clensing,
Wher water lacketh, ther is beastly being.
In bruing, in baking in dressing of meate
If ye lacke water what could ye drink or eate
Without water could lyue neyther man nor beast
For water preserueth both most and leaste
For water could I saye a thousand thinges mo
Sauing as now the tyme wyll not serue so
And as for that winde that you do sue for
Is good for your windmyll and for no more
Syr sithe all thys in experience is tryde
I say the matter standeth clere on my syde

¶ Windmiller.

Well since this wyll not serue I wyll alledge the reste
Syr for your myll I say myne is the beste
My windmill shall grynde more corne in an houre

They

Then thy water mylle shall in thyne or foure
Be more then thyne should in a whole yeare
If thou mightest haue as thou hast wyshed here
For thou desirest to haue excesse of rayne
Which to thee were the worst thou couldest obtayne
For if thou diddest it were a playne induccion
To make thine owne desyre thine owne destruction
For in excesse of rayne at any floode
Your mylles must stand styll they can do no good
And when the wynd doth blowe the vttermost
Our windmylles walke a mayne in euery coast
For as we se the wind in his estate
We moder our sayles after the same rate
Since our mylles grind so farre faster then yours
And also they may grind at all tymes and houres
I say we nede no water mylles at all
For wind mylles be sufficient to serue all

¶ Water myller.

Thou speakest of all and considerest not halfe
In boast of thy gryst thou art as wise as a calfe
For though aboue vs your mylles grynde farre faster
what helpe to those from whome ye be much farther
And of two sortes if the tone should be conserued
I thinke it mete the most number be serued
In vales and weldes where most commoditye is
There is most people ye must graunt me thys
On hylles and downes which partes are moste barayne
There must be fewe it can no mo sustayne
I dare well saye if it were tried euen nowe
That there is ten of vs to one of you
And where should chiefely and necessarye be
But there as people are most in plentye
More reason that you come seuen mayle to mylle

Then all we of the dale should clyme the hyll
If rayne came reasonable as I require it
We should of your windmilles haue nede no whyte,

¶ Here entreth Mery report.

¶ Mery report.

Stop foliche knaues for your reasoning is such
That ye haue reasoned euen inough and to much
I hard all the wordes that ye both haue had
So helpe me god the knaues be more then mad
Nother of them both that hath wyt nor grace
To perceiue that both milles may serue in place
Betwene water and winde there is no such let
But eche mill may haue tyme to vse his feate
Which thing I can tel by experience
For I haue of mine owne not farre from hence
In a corner together a couple of milles
Standyng in a marres betwene two hilles
Not of inheritaunce but by my wyfe
She is feofed in the tayle for terme of her lyfe
The one of wind the other of water
And of them both I thanke god there standeth nother
For in a good houre be it spoken
The water gates is not sooner open
But clap sayth the windmill euen streyght behynde
There is good speede the diuyl and all they grynde
But whether the hopper be dusty
Or that the millstones be somwhat rusty
By the masse the meale is myscheyous musty
And if ye thinke my tale be not trustye
I make ye trewe promise come when ye lyst
We shall fynde meane ye shall taste of the gryst

¶ Water myller.

The corne at receite happely is not good

Mery

¶ Wery repoꝛt.

There can be no ſweter by the ſwete rood
Another thing yet which ſhall not be cloked
My water mylle many tymes is choked.

¶ Water myller.

So wylle the be though ye ſhould burſt your bones,
Except ye be perfect in ſettyng of ſtones
Feare not the lydger beware your tinner
Yet this foꝛ the lydger oꝛ ye haue wonne her
Perchaunce your lydger doth lacke good peckyng

¶ Wery repoꝛte.

So ſayth my wyfe and that maketh all our checkynge
She would haue the mylle pect euery day
But by god myllers muſt pecke when they maye
So oft haue we pect that our ſtones waxe right thynne
And all our other gere not woꝛth a pinne
Foꝛ with peckyng and peckyng I haue ſo wꝛought
That I haue peckt a good peckyng yꝛon to noughte
How be it if I ſticke not better tyl her
My wyfe ſayth ſhe wylle haue a newe myller
But let it paſſe and now to our matter
I ſaye my mylles lacke nother winde noꝛ water
No moꝛe doth yours as farre as nede doth requꝛe
But ſince ye cannot agꝛe I wylle deſyꝛe
Jupiter to ſet you both in ſuch reſt
As to your wealth and his honour may ſtande beſt

¶ Water miller.

I pꝛay you hartely remember me

Wynd myller.

Let not me be foꝛ goten I beſeche ye.

¶ Both myllers goeth foꝛth.

¶ Wery repoꝛte.

If I remember you not both a lyke

I would ye were ouer the eares in the dyke
Nowe be we ryd of two knaues at one chaunce
By saint Thomas it is a knauish ryddaunce.

¶ The gentlewoman entreth.

¶ Gentlewoman.

Now good god what a folly is this.
What shoulde I do where so much people is
I knowe not howe to passe in to the god nowe.

¶ Mery report.

No but he knowes how to passe into you

¶ Gentle woman.

I praye you let me in at the backside

¶ Mery report.

Yea shall I for and your foreside to wyde
Nay not yet but since ye loue to be alone
We twayne will into a corner anone
But first I pray you come your waye hither
And let vs twayne chat a whyle together

¶ Gentlewoman.

Syr as to you I haue litle matter
My commyng is to speake with Iupiter.

¶ Mery report.

Stand ye styll a whyle and I wyll go proue
Whether that the god wyll be brought in loue
My lord how now looke vp lustely
Here is a darlyng come by saynt Antony
And if it be your pleasure to marry
Speake quickely for she maye not tarry
In fayth I thinke ye maye winne her anone
For she would speake with your lordshyppe alone

¶ Iupiter.

Sonne that is not the thing at this tyme ment
If her sute concerne no cause of our hither resorte

Sende

Send her out of place, but if she be bent
To that purpose, heate her and make vs repoꝛte.

¶ Mery repoꝛte.

I count women lost if we loue them not well
Foꝛ ye se god loueth them neuer a deale
Maistres ye cannot speake with the god.

¶ Gentlewoman.

No, why.

¶ Mery repoꝛte

By my fayth foꝛ his loꝛdshyp is right busy,
With a peece of woꝛke that nedes must be done,
Euen now is he making of a new moone.
He sayth your old moones be so farre tasted,
That al the goodnes of them is wasted.
Which of the great weate hath bene most matter,
Foꝛ old moones be leake they can hold no water.
But foꝛ this new moone I durst lay my gowne,
Except a few dꝛoppes at her going downe,
Ye get no rayne tyl her arisyng,
Without it nede, and then no mans deuising
Could wish the fashion of rayne to be so good,
Not gushing out like gutters of Noes flood,
But smal dꝛoppes sprinkling softly on the ground,
Though they fal on a sponge they would geue no sound.
This new moone shal make a thing spꝛing moꝛe in thys (while
Thē a old moon shal while a mā may go a mile.
By that time the God hath al made an ende,
Ye shal see how the weather wyl amende.
By saint Anne he goeth to woꝛke euen boldly,
I thinke him wyse inough, foꝛ he looketh oldly.
Wheꝛfoꝛe maystres be ye now of good cheare,
Foꝛ though in his pꝛesence ye cannot appeare,
Tell me your matter, and let me alone,

May

Way happe I wyll thynke on you when you be gone

¶ Gentlewoman.

Forsoth the cause of my commyng is thys
I am a woman ryght fayre as ye se
In no creature more beuty then in me is
And since I am fayre, fayre would I kepe me
But the sunne in summer so sore doth burn me
In winter the wind on euery syde me
No part of the yeare wote I where to turn me
But euen in my house am I fayne to hyde me
And so do all other that beutye haue
In whose name at this tyme this sute I make
Beseching Jupiter to graunt that I craue
Which is that it may please him for our sake
To send vs weather close and temperate
No sunne shyne no frost nor no wynd to blowe
Then would we set streetes tryn as a barrat
Ye should se how we would set our selfe to shewe

¶ Mery report.

Set where ye wyll I swere by saint Quintine
Ye passe them all both in your owne conceyte and myne

¶ Gentlewoman.

If we had weather to walke at our pleasure
Our lyues would be merry out of measure
One parte of the day of our apparelyng
Another parte for eatyng and drinkyng
And all the rest in streetes to be walkyng
Or in the house to passe tyme with talkyng

¶ Mery report.

When serue ye god

Gentlewoman.

Why so I ethy in vertue are but dawes

¶ Mery report.

Ye do the better namely since there is no cause
How spend ye the nyght.

¶ Gentlewoman.

In daunsing and singing
Till mydnyght and then fall to sleepyng

¶ Mery reporte.

Why swete hart by your false fayth can ye syng?

¶ Gentlewoman.

Nay nay but I loue it aboue al thing.

Mery repoꝛt.

Now by my trouth foꝛ the loue that I owe you
You shall heare what pleasure I can shewe you
One song haue I foꝛ you such as it is
And if it were better ye should haue it by gys

¶ Gentlewoman.

Mary syꝛ I thanke you hartely.

¶ Mery repoꝛt.

Come on syꝛs but let vs sing lustely.

Here they syng.

¶ Gentlewoman.

Syꝛ it is well done I hartely thanke you
Ye haue don me pleasure I make god a vowe
Once in a nyght I long foꝛ such a fite
Foꝛ long tyme haue I ben bꝛought vp in it

¶ Mery repoꝛte.

Oft tymes is seene both in court and towne
Long be women a bꝛinging vp and sone bꝛought down
So fete it is, so nete it is, so nyse it is,
So trycke it is, so quicke it is, so wyse it is,
I feare my selfe except I may entreate her
I am so farre in loue I shall foꝛget her
Nowe good mistres I pꝛay you let me kis ye.

¶ Gentlewoman.

Kys me quoth a why nay syr I wys ye

¶ Mery repoyt.

What yes hardly kys me once and no moze
I neuer desired to kys you before

¶ Here the Launder commeth in.

Why haue you alway kyst her behynde
In fayth good inough if it be your mynde
And if your apetite serue you so to do
By r lady I would ye had kyst myne ars to

¶ Mery repoyt.

To whom dost thou speake foule hoze canst thou see

¶ Launder.

Now by my trouth syr I wot not very well
But by coniecture this ges I haue
That I do speake to an olde baudy knaue
I sawe you dayly with your simper the cocked
I rede you beware lye picke not your pocket
Such ydle hulwykes do now and than
Thinke all well wone that they picke from a man
Yet such of some men shall haue moze fauour
Than we that for them dayly toyle and labour
But I trust the god wyll be so indifferent
That he shall faile some part of her intent

¶ Mery repoyt.

No doubte he wyll deale so graciously
That all folke shall be serued indifferently
How be it I tell the truth my office is such
That I must repoyt eche sute either litle or much
Wherfoze with the god since thou canst not speake
Trust me with thy sute I wyll not fayle it to breake

¶ Launder.

Then leane not to much to yonder gyllet

Foz her

For her delyre contrary to myne is set
I herde by her tale she would banishe the sunne
And then were we poore launders al vndone
Except the Sunne shine that our clothes maye dryse
We can do ryght naught in our laundry
Inother maner losse if we shoulde mis
Then of such nicebiceters as she is

¶ Gentlewoman.

I thinke it better that thou enuy me
Then I should stand at rewarde of thy pitye
It is the guyese of such grose quenes as thou art
With such as I am euermore to thwart
Byreause that no beutye ye can obtayne
Therfore ye haue vs that be fayre in disdayne

¶ Launder.

When I was yong as thou art nowe
I was within litle as fayre as thou
And so myght haue kept me if I had woulde
And as derely my youth I myght haue solde
As the trickest and fayrest of you all
But I feared parreis that after might fall
Wherfore some busines I did me prouide
Lest vice myght enter on euery syde
Which hath fre entry where ydelnesse doth rayne
It is not the beauty that I disdayne
But thine ydle lyfe that thou hast rehearsed
Which any good womans hart would haue perced
For I perceiue in daunsing and singyng
In eatyng and drinkyng and thyne apparaling
Is all thy ioye wherein thy hart is set
But nought of all thys doth thine own labour get
For haddest thou nothyng but of thyne owne trauayle
Thou mightest go as naked as my nayle.

We thinke thou shouldest abhorre such idelnes
And passe the tyme in some other busines
Better to lese some parte of thy beutye
Then oft to be iebberd all thine honestye
But I thinke rather then thou wouldest do so
Thou haddest leuer haue vs lyue idelly to
And so no doubt we should if thou mightest haue
The clere Sunne bayght as thou dost craue
Then were we launders mard and vnto thee
Thine owne request were smale commoditye
For of these twayne I thinke it farre better
Thy face were sone burned and thy clothes the sweter
Then that the sunne from shining should be smitten
To kepe thy face fayre and thy smocke bechitten
Syr how lyke ye my reason in her cale.

¶ Mery repoyt.

Such a raylyng hore by the holy masse
I neuer hard in all my lyfe tyl nowe
In dede I loue ryght well the tone of you
But or I would kepe you both by gods mother
The deuil shall haue the one to fetch the other

¶ Launder.

Promise me to speake that the sunne may shyne bryghte
And I will be gon quickly for all nyght

¶ Mery repoyt.

Get you both hence I praye hartely
Your sutes I perceiue and wyll repoyt them truely
Unto Jupiter at the next leysure
And in the same desyre to knowe his pleasure
which knowledge had euen as he doth knowe it
Feare ye not time inough ye shall knowe it,

¶ Gentlewoman.

Syr if ye medle remember me first

Launder.

Then in this medlyng my part shall be the worste

Mery report.

Now I beseche our Lord the dyuill thee brust
Who medleth with many I holde him a curst
Thou hore can I meddle with you both at once

There the Gentlewoman goeth forth.

Launder.

By the masse knaue I would I had both thy stones
In my purse, if thou meddle not indifferently
That both our matters in issue maye be lickely

Mery report.

Many words little matter and to no purpose
Such is the effect that thou dost disclose
The more ye byb the more ye bable
The more ye bable the more ye fable
The more ye fable the more vnstable
The more vnstable the more vnable
In any manner thing to do any good
No hurt though he were hanged by the holy roode.

Launder.

The lesse your silence the lesse your credence
The lesse your credence the lesse your honestye
The lesse your honestye the lesse your assistence
The lesse your assistence the lesse your hability
In you to do ought wherfore so god me saue
No hurt in hangyng such a raylyng knaue.

Mery report.

What monster is this I neuer harde none such
For looke how much more I haue made her to much
And so farre at least she hath made me to little.
Whete be ye Launder? I thinke in some spyttle
Ye shall washe me no gere for feare of frettynge

I loue no Launders that chynke my gere in wettyng
I pray thee go hence and let me be in rest
I wyll do thine errand as I thinke it best

¶ Launder.

Now would I take my leaue if I wist howe
The lenger thou lyuest the more knaue thou.

¶ Mery report.

The lenger thou lyuest the pitye the greater
The soner thou be ryd the tydynges the better
Is not this a swete office that I haue
When euery drab shall call me knaue
Euery man knoweth not what gods seruice is
Nor I my selfe knewe it not before thys
I thinke gods seruaunts may lyue holyly
But the diuels seruaunts lyue more merely
I know not what god geueth in standyng fees
But the diuels seruaunts haue eswaltees
I nundeth tymes mo then gods seruaunts haue
For though ye be neuer so starke a knaue
Eye lacke mony the diuyll wyll do worse
But bryng you streyght to a nother mans purse
Then wyll the diuell promote you here in thys worlde
As vnto such tych it doth most accord
First pater noster quies in celis
And then ye shall sence the strete with your heles
The greatest frende you haue in felde or towne
Standyng a typto shall not reache your crowne

¶ The boy commeth in the least that can playe
¶ The same is euen he by all lykely hode
Syr I praye you be not you mayster god.

¶ Mery reporte.

No in good fayth sonne, but I may say to thee
I am such a man that god maye not mysse me

wherfore

wherfore with the god if thou wouldest haue oughtden
Tell me thy mynde and I shall shewe it soone

Boye.

Forsoth syr my mynde is thys at fewe wordes
All my pleasure is in catching of byrdes
And makyng of snowbales and throwyng the same
For the which purpose to haue set in frame
With my godfather god I would fayne haue spoken
Desyryng him to haue sent me by some token
Where I myght haue had great frost for my pitfallis
And plenty of snowe to make my snowe ballis
This once had, boyes lyues be such as no man leddis
O to se my snow ballys lyght on my felowes heddis
And to heare the byrdes how they flicker their wynges
In the pitfale, I say it passeth all thynges
Syr if ye be gods seruaunt or his kinsman
I praye you helpe me in this if ye can

Mery reporte

Alas poore boy who sent the hether.

Boye.

A hundreth boyes that stoode together
Where they hard one saye in a crye
That my godfather god almighty
Was come from heauen by his one accord
This night to suppe here with my lord
And farther he sayde come whoso would
They shall sure haue their bellyes full
Of all weathers who list to craue
Eche sorte such weather as they list to haue
And when my felowes thought this would be had
And sawe me so pryty a prateling lad
Upon a greinent with a greate noyse
Send lyttle Dycke cryed all the boyes

By whose

By whose assent I am purueied
To sue for the weather aforesayde
Wherin I praye you to be good as thus
To helpe that god may geue it vs.

¶ Mery report.

Geue boyes wether quoth a nony nony

Boye.

If God of his weather will geue nonny
I praye you wyll he sell anye
Or send vs a bushell of snowe or twayne
And poynt vs a day to pay him agayne.

¶ Mery reporte

I cannot tell for by this lighte
I chept nor borowed none of him this nighte
But by such shyfte as I wyll make
Thou shalt see soone what way he wyll take.

Boye.

Syr I thanke you then may I departe.

¶ The boye goeth forth.

¶ Mery reporte.

Be fare well good soone with all my harte
Nowe such another sort as here hath ben
In all the dayes of my lyfe I haue not seene
No suters nowe but women, knaues, and boyes,
And all their sutes are in fansis and toyes
If that there come no wyser after thys crye
I wyll to the God and make an end quickelye
Oyes: If that any knaue here
Be wyllyng to appeare
For weather foule or cleare
Come in before thys flocke
And be he whole or sickely
Come shewe hys minde quickely

And if this tale be not lykely
We shall lycke my tayle in the nocke
All this tyme I perceiue ye spent in waste
To wayte for mo suters I see none make hast
Wherfore I wyll shewe the god all this prores
And be delyuered of my simple offyce
Now lord accordyng to your commaundement
Attendyng suters I haue ben diligent
And at begynnyng as your will was I should
I come nowe to end to shewe what eche man woulde
The first suter before your self dyd appeare
A gentleman desiryng weather cleare
Cloudy nor mistye nor no winde to blowe
For hurt in his huntyng, and then as ye knowe
The marchaunt sued for all of that kynde
For weather clere and mesurable winde
As they may best beare their sayles to make spede
And straycht after thys there came to me in dede
Another who named himselfe a ranger
And sayde all his crafte be farre brought in daunger
For lacke of liuing which chiefly is windfall
But he playnely sayth there bloweth no winde at all
Wherfore he desyreth for encreace of there fleesys
Extreme rage of wind, trees to teare in peces
Then came a water myller and he cryed out
For water and sayde the winde was so stoute
The rayne could not fal, wherfore he made request
For plenty of rayne to set the wind at rest.
And then syr there came a wind miller in
Who sayd for the rayne he coulde no winde win
The water he wysht to be banysht all
Besechyng your grace of windes continuall
Then came there a nother tha woulde banishe all this

A goodly dame an ydle thyng iwis
Wind rayne nor frost nor sunshyne would she haue
But fayre close weather her beutye to saue
Then came there a nother that lyueth by laundry
Who must haue weather hote & clere her clothes to dry
Then came there a boye for frost and snow continual
Snowe to make snobales, and frost for his pitfall
For which god wot he sueth full gredely
Your first man would haue weather clere & not windy
The second the same saue cooles to blowe meanly
The thyrd desyred stormes and winde most extremely
The fourth all water, and would haue no winde
The fyft no water, but wind to grinde
The sixt would haue none of all these nor no bright sonne
The seuenth extremly the hot sonne would haue woone
The eyght and the last for frost and snowe he prayed
Byr lady we shall take shame I am a frayde
Who marketh in what maner this sorte is led
May thinke it impossible all to be sped
This nomber is smale there lacketh twayne of ten
And yet by the masse among ten thousand men
No one thing could stand more wide from the other
Not one of their sutes agreeth with an other
I promise you here is a shrewde pece of worke
This gere wyll trye whether ye be a clarke
If ye trust to me it is a greate foly
For it palleth my braynes by gods bodye.

Iupiter.

Son thou hast ben diligent and done so well
That thy labour is ryghte much thanke worthy
But be thou sure we nede no whyte thy counsell
For in our selfe we haue foresene remedy
Which thou shalt se, but fyrst depart quickely

To thy

To the gentleman and all other suters here
And commaund them all before vs to appeare:

¶ Mery repoꝛt.

That shalbe no lenger in doyng
Then I am in comming and goyng

¶ Mery repoꝛt goeth out.

¶ Jupiter.

Such debate as from aboue ye haue herd
Such debate beneath among your selues ye se
As long as heades from temperaunce be deferd
So long the bodyes in distemperaunce be
This perceiue ye all but none can helpe saue we
But as we there haue made peace concoꝛdantly
So wyll we here nowe geue you remedy.

¶ Mery repoꝛt and all the suters entreth

¶ Mery repoꝛt.

If I had cought them
Oꝛ euer I rought them
I would haue taught them
To be nere me
Full dere haue I bought them
Loꝛd so I sought them
Yet haue I bꝛought them
Such as they be

¶ Gentleman.

Pleaseth it your maiestye loꝛd so it is
We as your subiects an d humble suters all
Accoꝛdyng as we here your pleasure is
Are pꝛesed to your pꝛesence being pꝛincipall
Heade and gouernour of all in euery place
Who ioyeth not in your syght no ioy can haue
Wherfoꝛe we all commit vs to your grace
As loꝛd of loꝛds vs to peryth oꝛ saue

¶ Iupiter.

As long as discretion so well doth you gyde
Obediently to vse your dutye
Doubt ye not we shall your saketie prouyde
Your greues we haue hard wherfore we sent for ye
To receiue aunswer eche man in his degree
And first to content most reason it is
The first man that sude wherfore marke ye thys
Oft shall ye haue the weather clere and styll
To hunt in for recompence of your payne
Also your marchauntes shall haue much your wyll
For oftymes when no winde on land doth remayne
Yet on the sea pleasaunt cooles you shall obtayne
And since your huntyng may rest in the night
Oft shall the wynde then ryse and before daylyght

It shall ratle downe the wood in such case
That all ye rangers the better lyue may
And ye water myllers shall obtayne thys grace
Many tymes the rayne to fall in the valey
When at the selfe tymes on hylles we shall puruey
Fayr weather for your windmilles with such cooles of (wind
As in one instaũt both kinds of milles may grind

And for ye fayre women that close weather would haue
We shall prouyde that ye may sufficiently
Haue tyme to walke in and your beutye saue
And yet shall ye haue that lyueth by laundrye
The hote sunne oft inough your clothes to drye
Also ye preaty child shall haue both frost and snowe
Nowe marke thys conclusion we charge you a rowe

Much better haue we nowe deuised for ye all

Then

Then ye all can perceiue or could desyre
Eche of your sute to haue continual
Such weather as his craft onely doth require
All weathers in all places if men al times myght hyre
who could lyue by other what is this necligence
Us to attempt in such inconuenience

Nowe on the other syde if we had graunted
The full of the some one sute and no mo
And from all the rest the weather had forbyd
Yet who so had obtayned, had wonne his owne wo
There is no one craft can preserue man so
But by other crafres of necessitie
He must haue much parte of his commoditye

All to serue at once and one destroye another
Or elles to serue one and destroye all the rest
Nother wyll we do the one nor the other
But serue as many or as fewe as we thinke best
And where or what tyme to serue most or lest
The dyrection of that doubtles shall stande
Perpetually in the power of our hand

Wherfore we wyll the whole world attend
Eche sorte on such weather as for them doth fall
Nowe one nowe other as lyketh vs to send
Who that hath it ply it and serue we shall
So guide the weather in course to you all
That eche with other ye shall whole remayne
In pleasure and plentifull wealth certayne

¶ Gentlewoman.

Blessed was the tyme wherin we were borne
First for the blissfull chaunce of your godly presence

Next for our lute was there neuer man before
That euer hard so excellent a lenteuce
As your grace hath geuen to vs all arowe
Wherin your highnes hath so bountefully
Distributed my part that your grace shall knowe
Your selfe sole possessed of hartes of al chyualry

¶ Marchaunt.

Lykewyse we marchaunts shall yelde vs wholy
Onely to laude the name of Jupiter
As god of all gods you to serue soly
For of euery thing I se you are norysher

¶ Ranger.

No doubt it is so for so we nowe fynde
Wherin your grace vs rangers so doth binde
That we shall geue you our hartes with one accord
For knowledge to knowe you as our onely lorde.

¶ Water myller.

Well I can no more but for our water
Wee shall geue your lordshyp our ladyes sautter

¶ Wynd myller.

Much haue ye bound vs for as I be saued
We haue all obtayned better then we craued

¶ Gentlewoman.

That is true wherfore your grace shall truly
The hartes of such as I am haue surely

¶ Launder.

And such as I am who be as good as you
His highnes shalbe suer on I make god a dowe

¶ Boye.

Godfather god I wyll do somwhat for you a gayne
By Christ ye may happe to haue a byrd or twayne
And I promise you if any snowe come
When I make snoballys ye shall haue some.

Mery

¶ Mery repoꝛt.
God thãk youꝛ loꝛdshyp to howe this is bꝛought to pas
Syꝛs now shall ye haue the weather euen as it was

¶ Jupiter.
We nede no whyt our selfe any further to boaste
Foꝛ our dedes declare vs apparauntly
Not onely here on earth in euery coast
But also aboue in the heauenly company
Our pꝛudence hath made peace vniuersally
Which thing we say recoꝛdeth vs as pꝛincipall
God and gouernour of heauen earth and all

Nowe vnto that heauen we wyll most retourne
Where we be glozifyed most triumphantly
Also we wyll all ye that on earth sojourne
Since cause geueth cause to knowe vs youꝛ loꝛd onely
And nowe here to synge most ioyfully
Reioysing in vs and in meane tyme we shall
Ascend into our trone celestiall.

FINIS.

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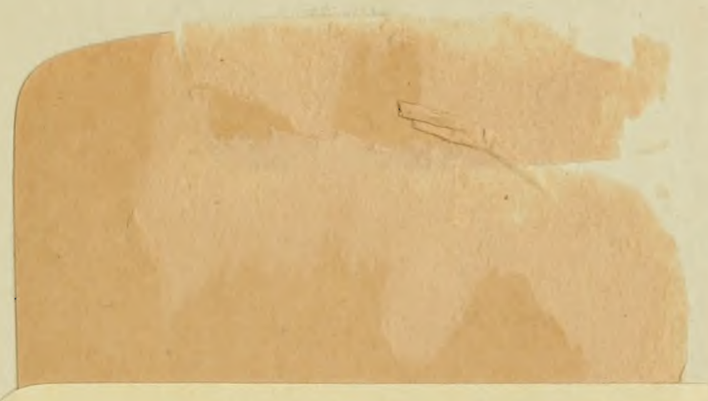

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